SUPERMAN
DC
NATIONAL COMICS

12¢

MAR
NO. 72

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

the FOX and the CROW

National Periodical
PUBLICATIONS, INC.
575 LEXINGTON AVENUE
NEW YORK 22, NEW YORK

Dear Boys and Girls:

First, we would like to thank you for having bought this DC magazine, even though it cost you two cents more than usual. Obviously, you like our magazine and consider our stories worth the extra two pennies. That makes us feel mighty proud!

However, we think we owe you an explanation as to why it was necessary to raise our price, after successfully publishing comics for over 25 years at 10¢. Over these past years the cost of producing our magazines has steadily risen. We have to pay more for art, engraving, paper and printing. You, too, have to pay more for most of the things you buy. U.S. Post Cards, which used to cost only 1¢, are now 3¢. Sodas and telephone calls were a nickel, now they are double that, ten cents. Hot dogs also were a nickel, now they are at least a dime, 15¢ in most places. Everything costs more today than just a few years ago. Your parents have to pay more for food, clothing and rent.

The retailer who sold you this magazine has also been affected by rising costs, and so has the company that delivered the magazine to him. All of us will share the additional two cents. Although some of our competitors are now charging 15¢ for the same size comic magazine that we produce, we feel that 12¢ adequately covers our rising production costs, and is therefore a much better value for you.

We feel confident that you understand the necessity for this slight adjustment, and will remain loyal fans. For our part, we promise to redouble our efforts to maintain the same high standards of publishing that have produced the world-famous line of SUPERMAN-DC Comics.

Sincerely yours,

The Editors

P.S.: Our GIANT ANNUALS will still cost only 25¢!

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The FOX and the CROW
HELLO, FOXIE -- DIS IS DA CROW!
AS IF I DIDN'T KNOW-- WHAT DO YOU WANT THIS TIME?
I'M CALLIN' YOUSE UP LIKE YA SAID YESTERDAY, SO YOUSE CAN INVITE ME TA LUNCH!
YOU'RE WRONG, CROW--YESTERDAY I ASKED YOU TO CALL ME UP TOMORROW--
--AND I'D LIKE TO REMIND YOU THAT TOMORROW NEVER COMES--SO I'LL NOT INVITE YOU TO LUNCH-- NEVER--NEVER--NEVER! SO THERE!!
SCAM!
HA! I GUESS THAT'LL HOLD THAT CROW!
HOW YA LIKE DAT--I FELL FER DA OLDEST GAG IN DA WOILD.!!

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I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TA SHOW ME MUG OUTSIDE ME CROWROOST AGAIN.!
SEE WHAT I MEAN.!?
HAW!
HA!
HAW!
HAW!
HA!
HAW!
HAW!
US CROWS ALLUS COULD OUTWIT DA FOXIES HANDS DOWN--AN' IF I DON'T EVEN UP DA ODDS, BUT FAST, I MIGHT GET KICKED OUT A' DA CROW CLUB!--IMAGINE DAT,!
I DON'T LIKE TA IMAGINE DAT--I'D RUDDER T'INK A' SOME WAY TA CUT FOXIE DOWN TA SIZE.!
T'INK!
T'INK!
T'INK!
T'INK!
I GOT IT!
FOIST I'LL CALL FOXIE ON DA CHATTERBOX!
ONLY DIS TIME I'LL MUFFLE DA INTAKE WIT' ME HAT, SO FOXIE WON'T KNOW IT'S ME.!
HELLO DERE--IS DIS MR. FAUNTLEROY FOX?
SPEAKING!
DA MAYOR WOULD LIKE A WOID WIT' YOUSE--WOULD YOU PLEASE RUN DOWN TO DA CITY HALL RIGHT AWAY?
WHY, CERTAINLY, YOUR HONOR!

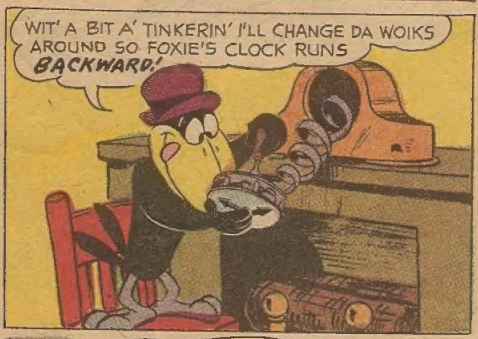
FOX & CROW

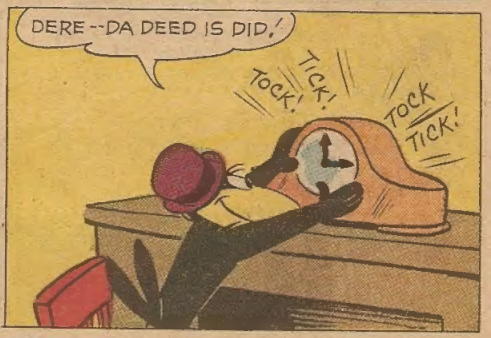
IMAGINE THAT--THE MAYOR WANTS TO CONFER WITH LITTLE OLD ME--NO DOUBT IT CONCERNS A MATTER OF GREAT IMPORTANCE!

I'D BEST NOT KEEP HIM WAITING!

HEH! HEH! DAT'S A KEEN SNEAKY-TYPE WAY TA GET FOXIE OUTA DA HOUSE!

WHILE FOXIE'S GETTIN' DA BRUSH-OFF AT DA MAYOR'S OFFICE, I'LL GET ON WIT' ME BUSINESS AT HAND!


WIT' A BIT A' TINKERIN' I'LL CHANGE DA WOIKS AROUND SO FOXIE'S CLOCK RUNS BACKWARD!


DERE--DA DEED IS DID!
TICK!
TOCK!
TOCK
TICK!

NOW TA GET BACK IN ME CROWSNEST AN' WAIT FER T'INGS TA START HAPPENIN'!

HERE COMES FOXIE NOW--I'LL MAKE WIT' ME TELEPHONE ACT AGAIN!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT--WHEN I GOT TO THE MAYOR'S OFFICE, HE WAS OUT PLAYING GOLF! AND NO ONE REMEMBERED CALLING ME!

FOX & CROW

THERE GOES MY TELEPHONE--I WONDER WHO IT COULD BE?

TICK TOCK TICK TOCK TICK TOCK

R-R-R-RING!

HELLO, MR. FOX--DIS IS DA MAYOR'S OFFICE AND HE SAID DON'T BOTHER TA COME TA SEE HIM TAMORROW--HE WON'T BE NEEDIN' YA!

BUT, SIR--YOU SAID HE WANTED TO SEE ME *RIGHT AWAY*, AND I'VE JUST GOT BACK FROM THERE--I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT!

LISTEN, BUB--YA GOT DA TIME ALL MIXED UP--YA BETTER GO CHECK WIT' YER CLOCK!

CLICK!

HEAVENS TO BETSY--MY CLOCK IS RUNNING *BACKWARDS!*

TOCK-TICK TOCK-TICK TOCK-TICK TOCK-TICK TOCK-TICK

GRACIOUS ME--WHAT AN AWFUL TURN OF AFFAIRS! THE MAYOR WANTED TO MEET ME *RIGHT AWAY*, BUT IT TURNS OUT *RIGHT AWAY* IS *TOMORROW!* ...*THIS* MUST BE *YESTERDAY!!*

WITH MY CLOCK TICKING AWAY BACKWARD, PRETTY SOON IT WILL BE *DAY* BEFORE *YESTERDAY* ... AND *THEN* THE *DAY BEFORE THAT* AND THE *DAY BEFORE THAT*--AND--

CROW! CROW! I MUST SEE YOU AT ONCE!

HA!! ME LITTLE SCHEME IS WOIKIN' GREAT!

WHAT'S DA GOOD NEWS, FUZZFACE?

THIS IS NO TIME FOR SMALL-TALK, CROW--TELL ME QUICK--WHAT DAY IS THIS?

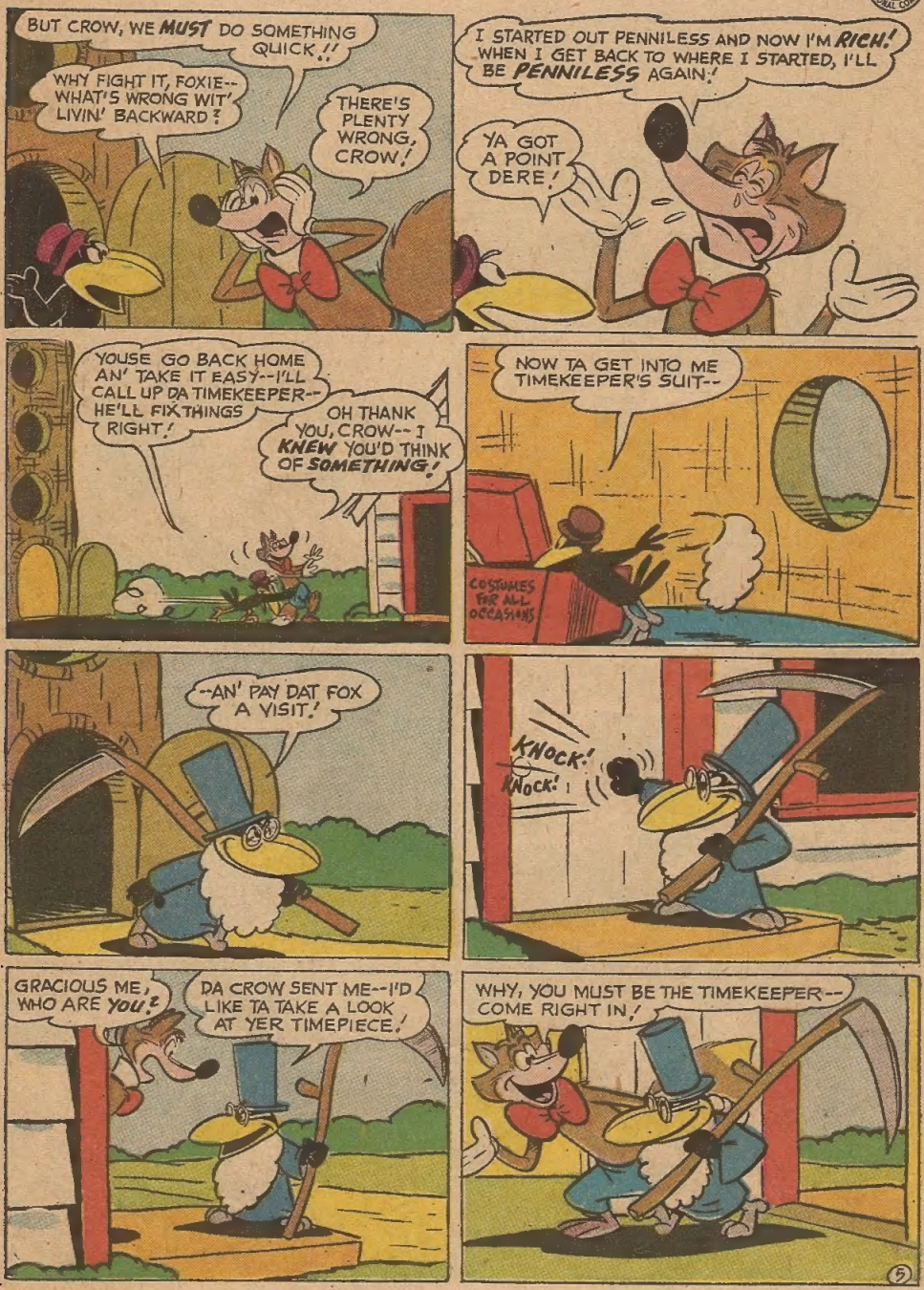
THOISDAY!

I KNOW!

YESTERDAY WAS *THURSDAY!*

THEN MY SUSPICIONS WERE RIGHT--*TIME IS GOING BACKWARD!!*

YEP! I T'OUGHT YA KNEW--FROM NOW ON OUT, DERE WON'T BE ANY TADAYS--NUTTIN' BUT YESTERDAYS!


BUT CROW, WE MUST DO SOMETHING QUICK!!
WHY FIGHT IT, FOXIE-- WHAT'S WRONG WIT' LIVIN' BACKWARD?
THERE'S PLENTY WRONG, CROW!
I STARTED OUT PENNILESS AND NOW I'M RICH! WHEN I GET BACK TO WHERE I STARTED, I'LL BE PENNILESS AGAIN!
YA GOT A POINT DERE!
YOUSE GO BACK HOME AN' TAKE IT EASY--I'LL CALL UP DA TIMEKEEPER-- HE'LL FIX THINGS RIGHT!
OH THANK YOU, CROW-- I KNEW YOU'D THINK OF SOMETHING!
NOW TA GET INTO ME TIMEKEEPER'S SUIT--
COSTUMES FOR ALL OCCASIONS
--AN' PAY DAT FOX A VISIT!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
GRACIOUS ME, WHO ARE YOU?
DA CROW SENT ME--I'D LIKE TA TAKE A LOOK AT YER TIMEPIECE!
WHY, YOU MUST BE THE TIMEKEEPER-- COME RIGHT IN!

OH, I DO HOPE YOU CAN SET THE TIME RIGHT, SIR! I JUST CAN'T BEAR TO LIVE BACKWARDS!
DON'T WORRY, MR. FOX-- I CAN FIX T'INGS UP IN NO TIME!
I'LL JES' LOOSEN DIS SCREW AN' TOIN DIS WHEEL AROUND AN'--
OOPS--OH NO!!!
WHAT HAPPENED?
I STRIPPED DA GEAR, AN' NOW I GOT TA SKIP A WHOLE DAY-- DAT'S WHAT!!
IS THAT BAD?
I'LL SAY IT IS -- TADAY IS GONE FOREVER--EVER' DAY WILL BE TAMORROW!!
BUT DAT'S BETTER'N EVER' DAY BEIN' YESTERDAY--GOOD DAY SIR!
I HADN'T THOUGHT OF IT THAT WAY!
NOW TA GET OUTA ME FANCY TOGA AN' GIVE FOXIE ANUDDER BUZZ ON DA CHATTER-BOX!
HIYA, FOXIE-- I JES CALLED UP TA BREAK DA GOOD NEWS!
WHAT'S THAT, CROW?
DA TIMEKEEPER DROPPED BY AN' TOLD ME DIS IS TOMORROW, SO I'LL BE DROPPIN' OVER TA LUNCH AS PLANNED!
OH DEAR-- I DID INVITE HIM FOR TOMORROW, DIDN'T I?!
MIGHT AS WELL SET A PERMANENT PLACE ON DA TABLE FER ME, FOXIE--'CAUSE EVERY TOMORROW I'LL BE DROPPIN' BY FER LUNCH!
I SHOULD HAVE LEFT THINGS AS THEY WERE-- BEING PENNILESS COULDN'T BE AS BAD AS THIS!
6

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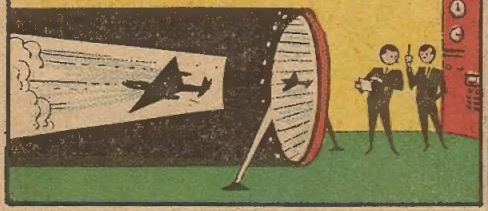
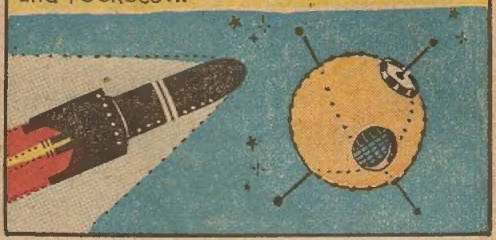
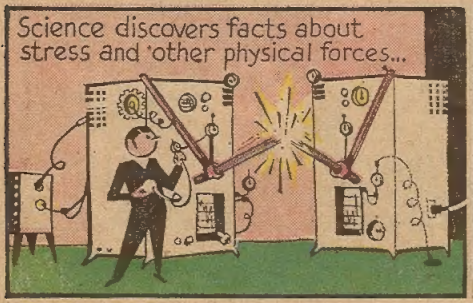
Science discovers information about fuels and thrust...



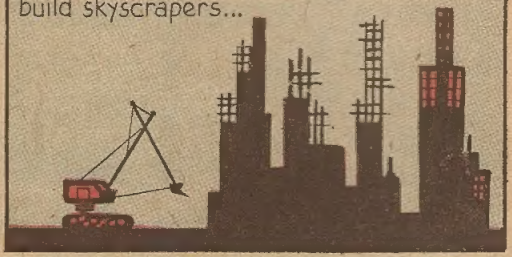
and Aviation Engineers build satellites and rockets...



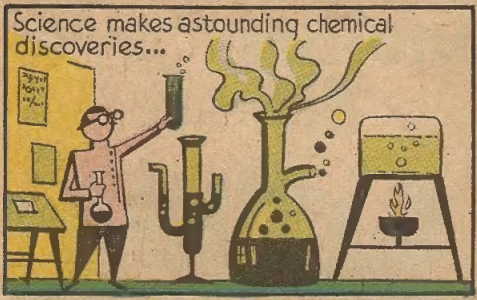
Science discovers facts about stress and other physical forces...



and Architects and Construction Engineers build skyscrapers...

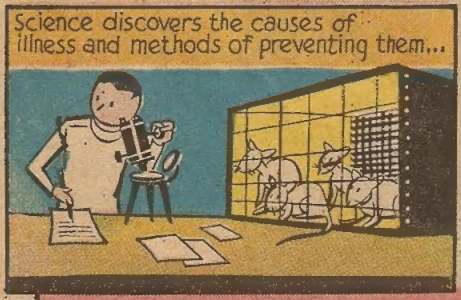


Science makes astounding chemical discoveries...



and Manufacturers make things out of fiberglass, nylon, plastics...

Science discovers the causes of illness and methods of preventing them...



and **You** must be the engineers and builders of your own good health!

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The FOX and the CROW
HEY, LOOKIE, FOXIE— A RAINBOW!
YES, CROW--I WAS JUST ADMIRING ITS BREATH-TAKING BEAUTY--RED, ORANGE, YELLOW, GREEN, BLUE, INDIGO AND VIOLET, ALL IN ONE SPLENDID ARRAY!
DERE'S ONE COLOR YA DIDN'T MENTION!
YOU'RE WRONG, CROW, I NAMED ALL THE COLORS OF THE SPECTRUM!
OH, YEAH!? HOW ABOUT DAT POT A' GOLD COLORED STUFF AT DA FOOT A' DA RAINBOW?
HO-HO, CROW--THERE'S NO POT OF GOLD AT THE FOOT OF THE RAINBOW! THAT'S JUST A SILLY SUPERSTITION!
DAT'S WHAT YOU T'INK, FUZZFACE-- I'M GOING AFTER IT-- SILLY OR NOT!
I CAN ASSURE YOU IT WILL BE A FRUITLESS TRIP, CROW!
HA-HA-- GOLD AT THE FOOT OF THE RAINBOW--THE VERY IDEA!

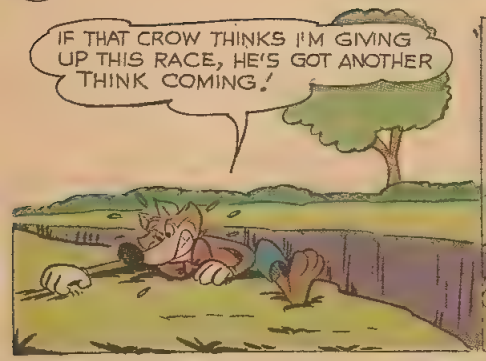
BUT HOLD ON A MINUTE, FAUNTLEROY!
I'M HOLDING!
YOU'VE NEVER SEEN THE FOOT OF THE RAINBOW!
THAT'S RIGHT!
?
THEN--HOW DO YOU KNOW THERE'S NO POT OF GOLD THERE??
YIPES!! WHAT IF THERE IS A POT OF GOLD THERE-- NOT ONLY WILL THAT CROW GET IT, BUT HE'LL NEVER-- NEVER LET ME FORGET I MUFFED THE CHANCE.!
IF I HURRY, THERE'S STILL TIME TO BEAT HIM TO IT.!
THE RAINBOW ENDS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF OLD SMOKEY--THAT MEANS THE CROW WILL TAKE THE SHORT-CUT THROUGH SAWTOOTH PASS.!
SO I'LL TAKE THE SHORT SHORT-CUT AND GET TO SAWTOOTH PASS BEFORE HIM.!
HA! I MADE IT-- NOW TO BOOBY-TRAP THE TRAIL.!
OOO-HOO-HOO! A SCARECROW.!!
SO-LONG, CROW--WHEN I GET TO THE FOOT OF THE RAINBOW, I'LL LET YOU KNOW WHAT I FIND THERE.!

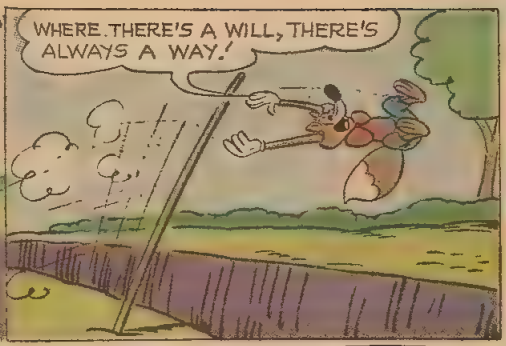
FOXIE PULLED A SNEAKY-- BUT I CAN'T LET HIM BEAT ME-- I SIMPLY GOT TA T'INK A' SOME WAY TA GET PAST DAT SCARECROW.'
DERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TA DO IT-- I'LL USE ME FOXHOUND SUIT I ALLUS CARRY ALONG JUST IN CASE.'
DIS IS DA SCAREY PART-- I GOTTA KEEP ME EYES CLOSED TILL I SLIP ME HOUN' SUIT OVER DAT CROW-SCARIN' TYPE MONSTER!
DERE--IT AIN'T A SCARECROW ANY MORE-- IT'S A FIERCE-TYPE-FOX-HUNTIN'-HOUND,'
NOW I'LL TAKE DA BACK TRAIL TA HANGIN' BRIDGE AN' GIVE FOXIE A DOSE A' HIS OWN MEDICINE.'
HA! IT'S ALL DOWN-GRADE FROM HERE TO THE HANGING BRIDGE AND FROM THERE IT'S A STRAIGHT SHOOT TO THE END OF THE RAINBOW-- THAT CROW WILL NEVER CATCH ME NOW--NEVER, NEVER!
YEOW!! A FOXHOUND!!
HEY! HEY! SO-LONG, SUCKER.'
SCREECH!

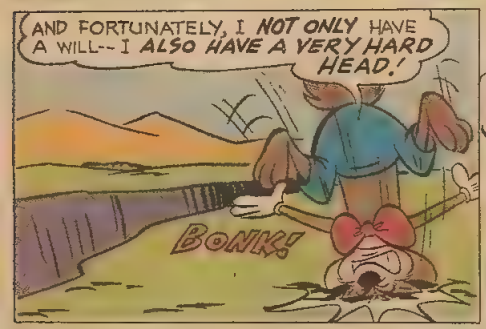
FOX & CROW

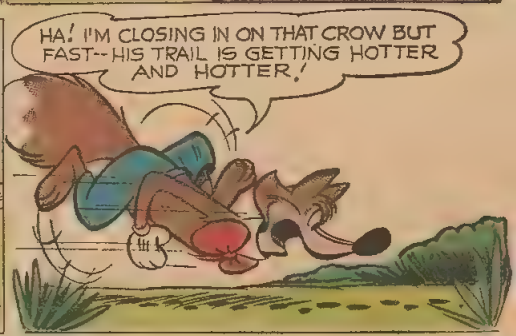
THAT'S STRANGE--THAT FOXHOUND ISN'T JOINING THE CHASE--I WONDER IF HE'S FOR REAL!
JUST AS I SUSPECTED--IT'S A FAKE!! THAT CROW HAS BEEN UP TO FOUL PLAY!!
MAKE WAY, CROW--HERE I COME, READY OR NOT!
UH-OH--FOXIE CAUGHT ON QUICKER'N I T'OUGHT!
BUT DIS OUGHTA EVEN DA ODDS!
TIMBER!!
OH, NO!
CRASH!
SPLASH!
SEE YA LATER, ALLIGATOR!!

FOX & CROW

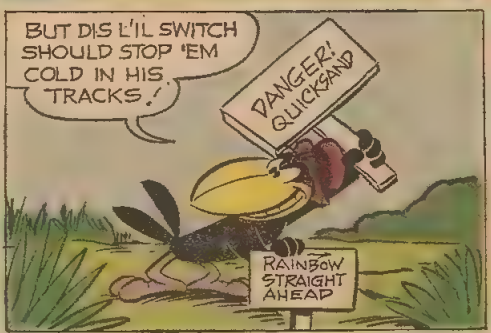

IF THAT CROW THINKS I'M GIVING UP THIS RACE, HE'S GOT ANOTHER THINK COMING!

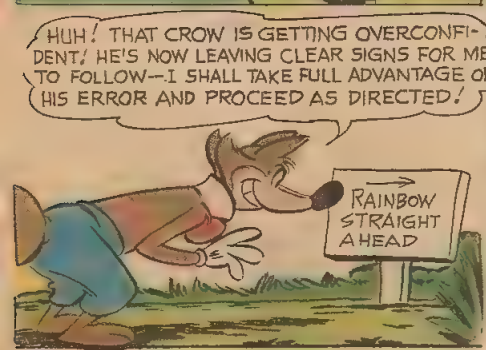

WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S ALWAYS A WAY!

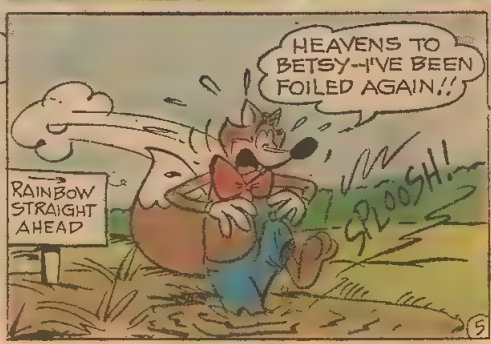

AND FORTUNATELY, I NOT ONLY HAVE A WILL--I ALSO HAVE A VERY HARD HEAD!
BONK!


HA! I'M CLOSING IN ON THAT CROW BUT FAST--HIS TRAIL IS GETTING HOTTER AND HOTTER!

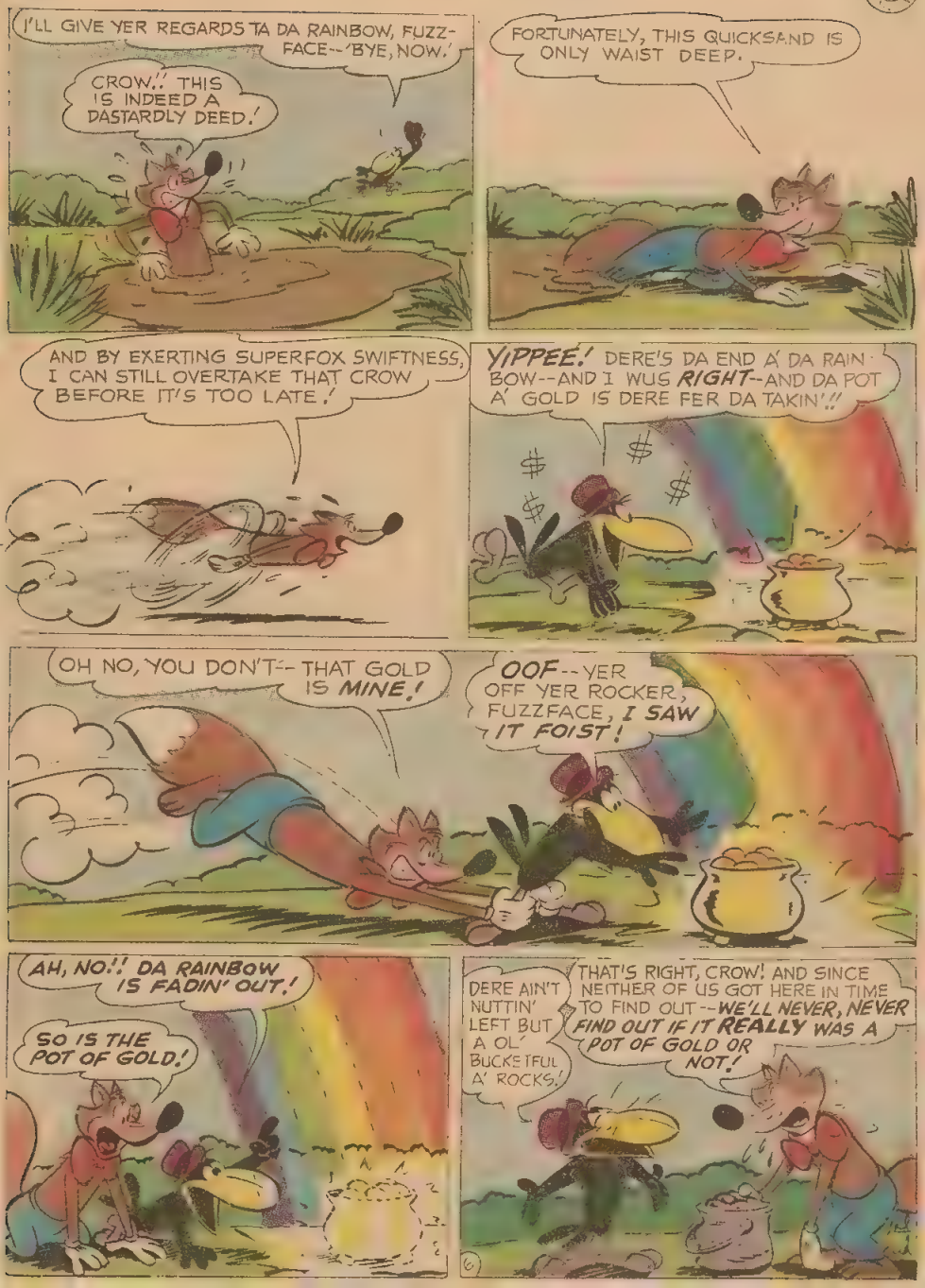
UH-OH!! HERE COMES FOXIE HOT ON ME TRAIL AGAIN!

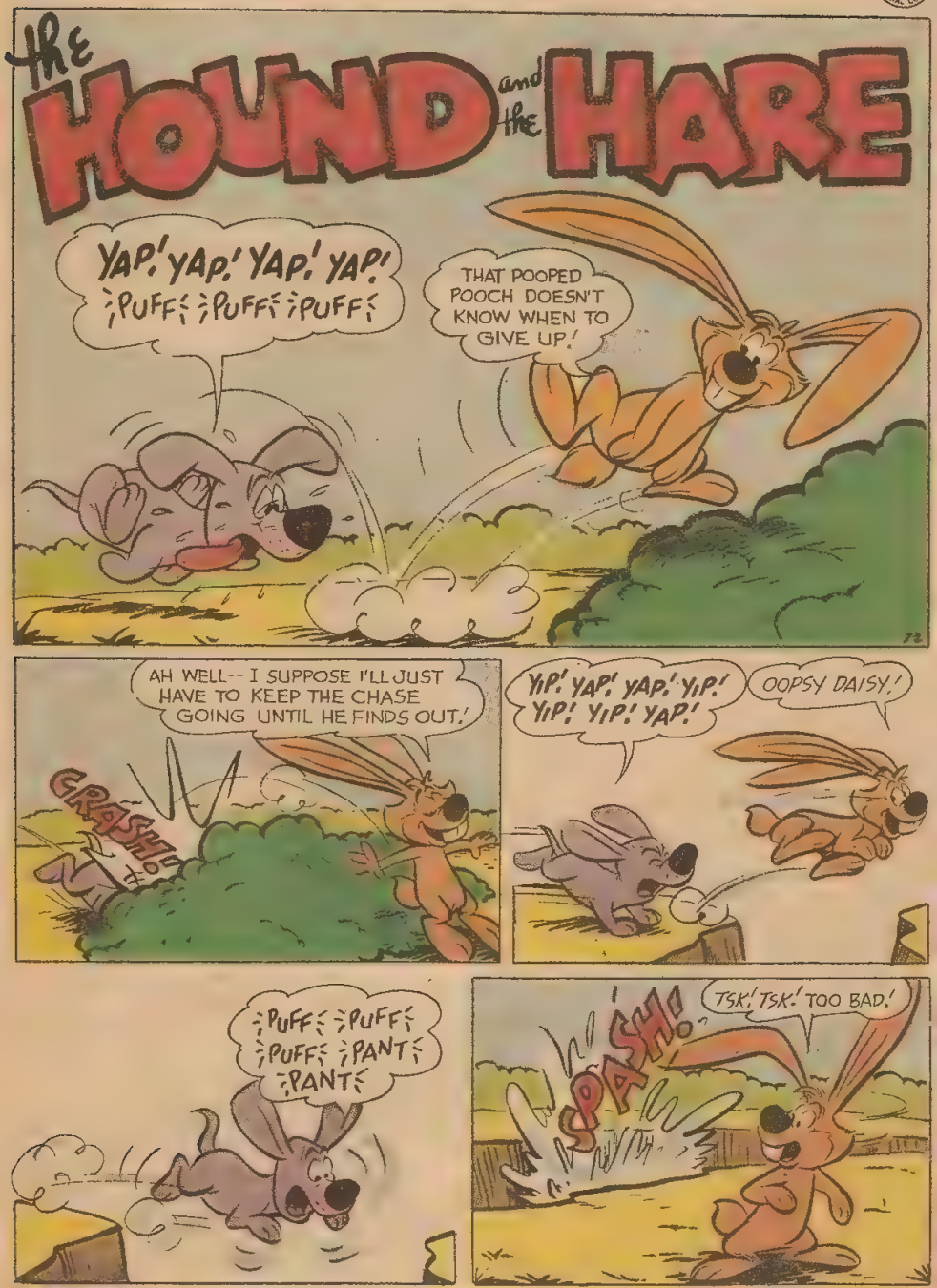

BUT DIS L'IL SWITCH SHOULD STOP 'EM COLD IN HIS TRACKS!
DANGER! QUICKSAND
RAINBOW STRAIGHT AHEAD


HUH! THAT CROW IS GETTING OVERCONFIDENT! HE'S NOW LEAVING CLEAR SIGNS FOR ME TO FOLLOW--I SHALL TAKE FULL ADVANTAGE OF HIS ERROR AND PROCEED AS DIRECTED!
RAINBOW STRAIGHT AHEAD


HEAVENS TO BETSY--I'VE BEEN FOILED AGAIN!!
RAINBOW STRAIGHT AHEAD
SPLOOSH!

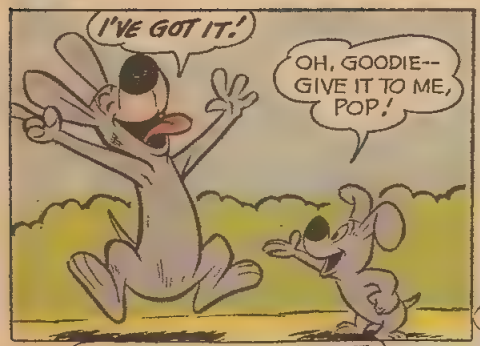
FOX & CROW

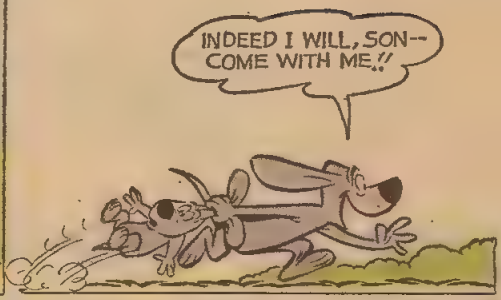

I'LL GIVE YER REGARDS TA DA RAINBOW, FUZZ-FACE--'BYE, NOW.'
CROW.!! THIS IS INDEED A DASTARDLY DEED.!
FORTUNATELY, THIS QUICKSAND IS ONLY WAIST DEEP.
AND BY EXERTING SUPERFOX SWIFTNESS, I CAN STILL OVERTAKE THAT CROW BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.!
YIPPEE.! DERE'S DA END A' DA RAIN-BOW--AND I WUS RIGHT--AND DA POT A' GOLD IS DERE FER DA TAKIN'!!
OH NO, YOU DON'T--THAT GOLD IS MINE.!
OOF--YER OFF YER ROCKER, FUZZFACE, I SAW IT FOIST!
AH, NO.!! DA RAINBOW IS FADIN' OUT.!
SO IS THE POT OF GOLD.!
DERE AIN'T NUTTIN' LEFT BUT A OL' BUCKETFUL A' ROCKS.!
THAT'S RIGHT, CROW! AND SINCE NEITHER OF US GOT HERE IN TIME TO FIND OUT--WE'LL NEVER, NEVER FIND OUT IF IT REALLY WAS A POT OF GOLD OR NOT.!

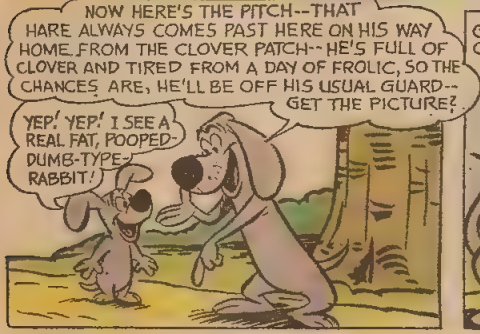

THE HOUND and the HARE
YAP! YAP! YAP! YAP!
PUFF PUFF PUFF
THAT POOPED POOCH DOESN'T KNOW WHEN TO GIVE UP!
72
AH WELL-- I SUPPOSE I'LL JUST HAVE TO KEEP THE CHASE GOING UNTIL HE FINDS OUT!
CRASH!
YIP! YAP! YAP! YIP! YIP! YIP! YAP!
OOPSY DAISY!
PUFF PUFF PUFF PANT PANT
SPASH!
TSK! TSK! TOO BAD!

FOX & CROW

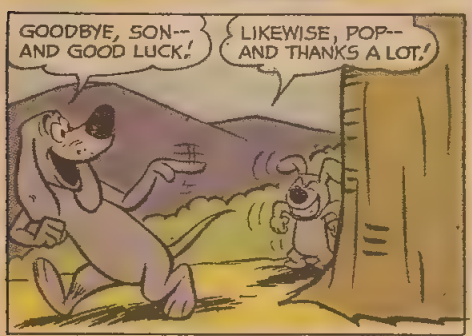
WANT ME TO WAIT UP, JUNIOR, OR HAVE YOU HAD ENOUGH?
MY NAME IS SHEP!! AND I'LL CATCH YOU YET-- YOU OL' HARE-TYPE RABBIT YOU!
BUT FOR NOW I'M GOING HOME AND REST UP-- I'VE HAD IT, BOY!
TA-TA, ROVER-- SEE YOU LATER!
I'M SHEP!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, SON-- YOU LOOK BEAT!?
I AM, POP--I AM!! I WOULD HAVE HAD THAT OL' HARE FOR SURE THIS TIME, IF HE HADN'T TRICKED ME INTO A BOOBY-TRAP!
DON'T TELL ME YOU FELL FOR THAT OLD DITCH-TRICK OF HIS AGAIN!
I, WHO AM DESCENDED FROM A HOUND BELONGING TO GEORGE WASHINGTON, CANNOT TELL A LIE, POP-- I DID INDEED!!
OH! I FEEL SO HUMILIATED-- I'M SORRY, POP! I'M SORRY-- I'M SORRY!
THERE, THERE, SON -- IT ISN'T AS BAD AS THAT!
JUST KEEP YOUR CHIN UP, SON--IF THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S ALWAYS A WAY!
OKAY, POP, MY CHIN IS UP-- HOW'S THIS FOR CHINS UP-- HUH, POP?
THAT'S FINE, SON, JUST FINE.!!
OKAY, POP--HOW DO I CATCH THAT HARE? I'VE GOT THE WILL--NOW SHOW ME THE WAY!!
HMMM -- LET ME THINK NOW... THERE SHOULD BE SOME WAY!!

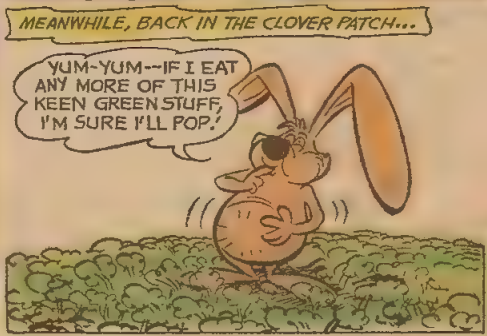

I'VE GOT IT!
OH, GOODIE--GIVE IT TO ME, POP!

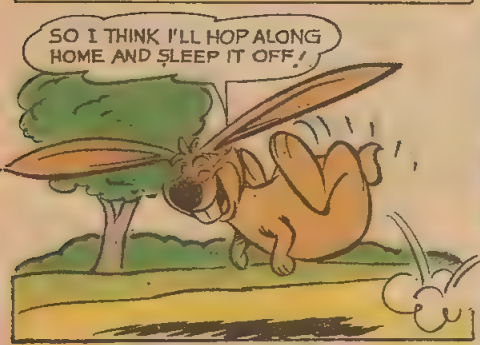

INDEED I WILL, SON--COME WITH ME!!

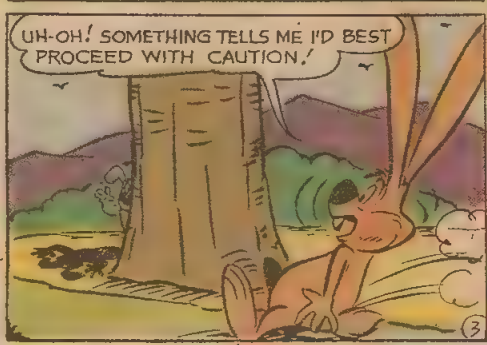

NOW HERE'S THE PITCH--THAT HARE ALWAYS COMES PAST HERE ON HIS WAY HOME FROM THE CLOVER PATCH--HE'S FULL OF CLOVER AND TIRED FROM A DAY OF FROLIC, SO THE CHANCES ARE, HE'LL BE OFF HIS USUAL GUARD--GET THE PICTURE?
YEP! YEP! I SEE A REAL FAT, POOPED-DUMB-TYPE-RABBIT!

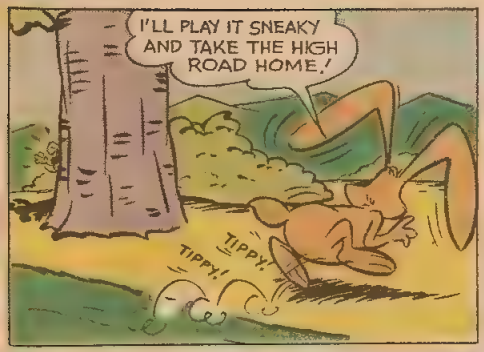
GOOD--GOOD... NOW YOU JUST STAND RIGHT HERE OUT OF SIGHT, AND WHEN HE COMES BY--GRAB HIM!
I WILL--I WILL, POP--WE'LL SHOW HIM, WON'T WE, POP!?

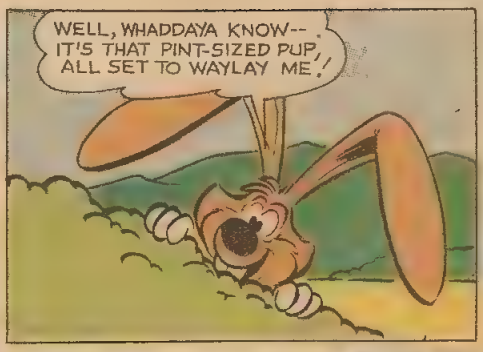

GOODBYE, SON--AND GOOD LUCK!
LIKEWISE, POP--AND THANKS A LOT!

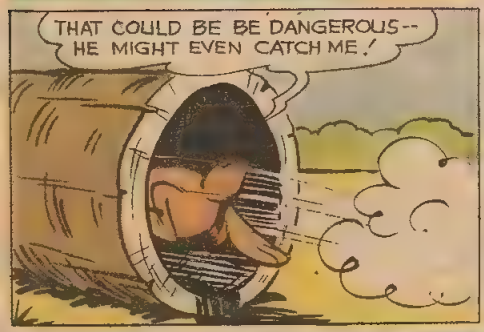

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE CLOVER PATCH...
YUM-YUM--IF I EAT ANY MORE OF THIS KEEN GREEN STUFF, I'M SURE I'LL POP!

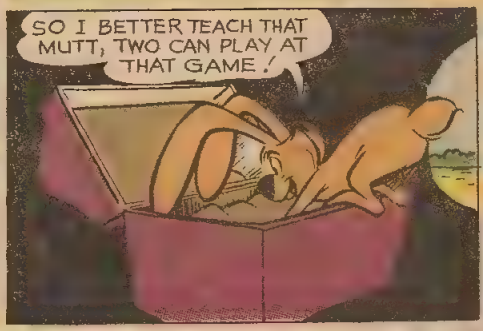

SO I THINK I'LL HOP ALONG HOME AND SLEEP IT OFF!

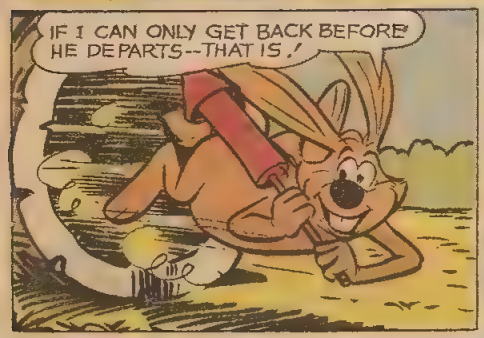

UH-OH! SOMETHING TELLS ME I'D BEST PROCEED WITH CAUTION!

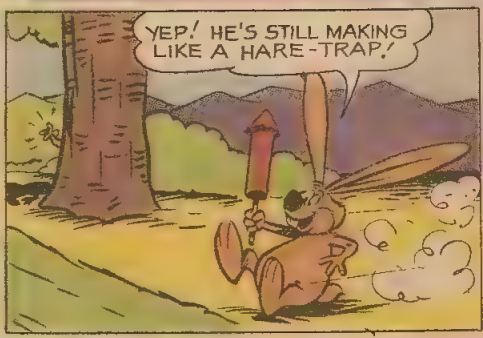

I'LL PLAY IT SNEAKY AND TAKE THE HIGH ROAD HOME.!
TIPPY!
TIPPY!

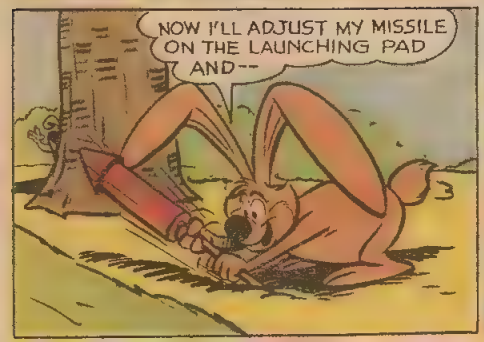

WELL, WHADDAYA KNOW-- IT'S THAT PINT-SIZED PUP, ALL SET TO WAYLAY ME.!!

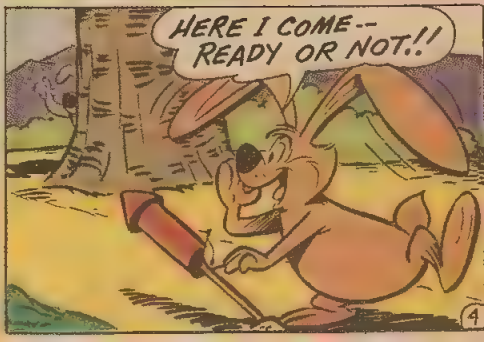

THAT COULD BE BE DANGEROUS-- HE MIGHT EVEN CATCH ME.!

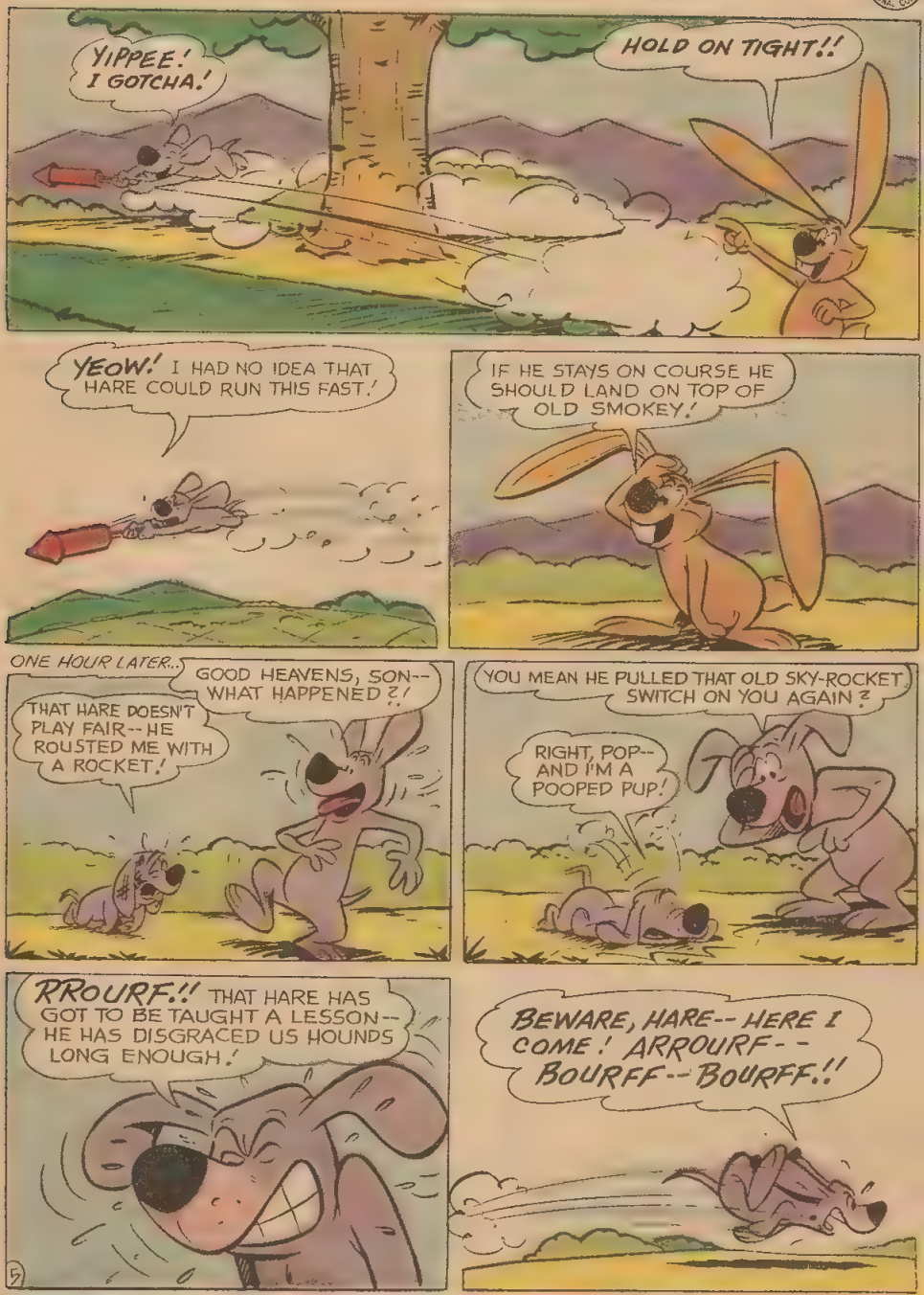

SO I BETTER TEACH THAT MUTT, TWO CAN PLAY AT THAT GAME.!

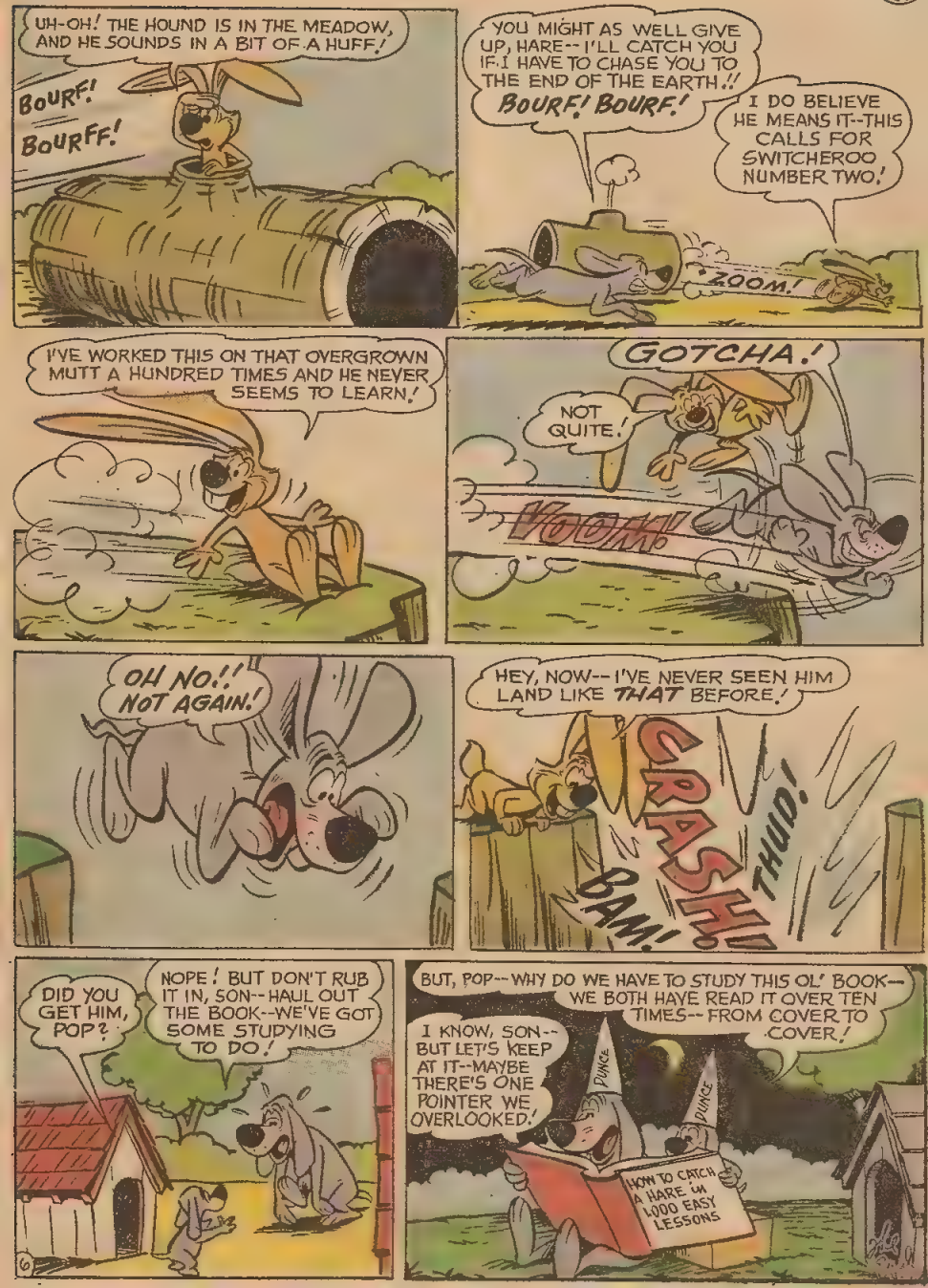

IF I CAN ONLY GET BACK BEFORE HE DEPARTS--THAT IS.!


YEP.! HE'S STILL MAKING LIKE A HARE-TRAP.!


NOW I'LL ADJUST MY MISSILE ON THE LAUNCHING PAD AND--


HERE I COME-- READY OR NOT.!!


YIPPEE! I GOTCHA!
HOLD ON TIGHT!!
YEOW! I HAD NO IDEA THAT HARE COULD RUN THIS FAST!
IF HE STAYS ON COURSE HE SHOULD LAND ON TOP OF OLD SMOKEY!
ONE HOUR LATER..
GOOD HEAVENS, SON-- WHAT HAPPENED?!
THAT HARE DOESN'T PLAY FAIR--HE ROUSTED ME WITH A ROCKET!
YOU MEAN HE PULLED THAT OLD SKY-ROCKET SWITCH ON YOU AGAIN?
RIGHT, POP-- AND I'M A POOPED PUP!
RROURF!! THAT HARE HAS GOT TO BE TAUGHT A LESSON-- HE HAS DISGRACED US HOUNDS LONG ENOUGH!
BEWARE, HARE-- HERE I COME! ARROURF-- BOURFF-- BOURFF!!


UH-OH! THE HOUND IS IN THE MEADOW, AND HE SOUNDS IN A BIT OF A HUFF!
BOURF!
BOURFF!
YOU MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP, HARE--I'LL CATCH YOU IF I HAVE TO CHASE YOU TO THE END OF THE EARTH!!
BOURF! BOURF!
I DO BELIEVE HE MEANS IT--THIS CALLS FOR SWITCHEROO NUMBER TWO!
ZOOM!
I'VE WORKED THIS ON THAT OVERGROWN MUTT A HUNDRED TIMES AND HE NEVER SEEMS TO LEARN!
GOTCHA!
NOT QUITE!
VOOM!
OH NO!! NOT AGAIN!
HEY, NOW--I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM LAND LIKE THAT BEFORE!
CRASH!
BAM!
THUD!
DID YOU GET HIM, POP?
NOPE! BUT DON'T RUB IT IN, SON--HAUL OUT THE BOOK--WE'VE GOT SOME STUDYING TO DO!
BUT, POP--WHY DO WE HAVE TO STUDY THIS OL' BOOK--WE BOTH HAVE READ IT OVER TEN TIMES--FROM COVER TO COVER!
I KNOW, SON--BUT LET'S KEEP AT IT--MAYBE THERE'S ONE POINTER WE OVERLOOKED!
PUNCE
PUNCE
HOW TO CATCH A HARE IN 1,000 EASY LESSONS

REACHING FOR THE MOON

"I HAVE decided," said Peter Pigeon, "to fly to the moon."

"Impossible!" Skippy Sparrow shook his small brown feathered head. "Nobody can reach the moon."

"Well anyway, I'm going to try." And so saying, Peter Pigeon stretched out his little wings as far as they would stretch, and flew up, up, up into the sky. Soon, while Skippy watched from below, his pigeon pal was nothing but a tiny white dot against the blue.

Up above, Peter winged along well for a while, singing to himself . . .

"I'm going to visit the Man in the Moon,
Tra la, tra la, tra la . . .
I'll be dropping in on him very soon,
Tra la, tra la, tra la."

But after a half-hour, the pigeon noticed that although his wings weren't bothering him yet, his breathing was bothering him. Yes, his wings were carrying him along strong and swiftly, but he couldn't breathe right. No matter how deeply he drew air into his lungs, he couldn't seem to get enough of it. He was breathing faster and faster. Finally he had to admit that he couldn't possibly reach his goal. The moon still looked just as far away as before.

"I give up," he announced to himself sadly. "Down I go." And SWOOP! down Peter Pigeon dove towards the earth, which was now so far away that it looked more like a make-believe map than a real world.

From down below Skippy Sparrow watched the white dot grow bigger and bigger, as Peter descended. At last Skippy could see the wings flapping. In another moment his friend settled next to him on the branch of the maple tree, breathing deeply. The pigeon's round little breast dimpled in and out over his fast-beating heart.

"Couldn't make it, eh?" said Skippy.

Peter was too exhausted and out-of-breath to speak. He just shook his head, drooping his head over onto his pal's feathers to rest it.

"May I make a suggestion?" the sparrow asked. "I once said to myself: I want to fly to the moon. But before I tried it, I said to myself: but *can* I fly to the moon? And I answered myself: no, I can't. So I didn't try."

Peter got his breath back and asked, "What did you do instead?"

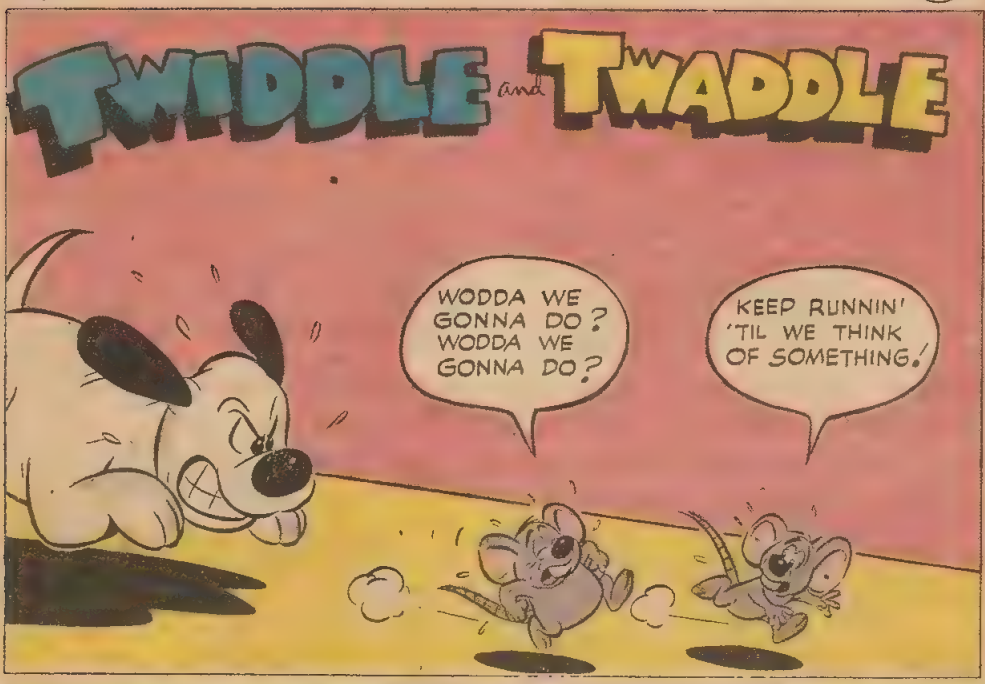
"Well, I said to myself: I want to do something that I can't do, so I'll stop thinking about it. Now I will think of something that I want to do that I *can* do. Then I realized that I'd always wanted to fly right straight through a weeping-willow tree to see if it scratched or if it tickled. So I asked myself: *Can* I fly through a willow? The reply was: I can. So I did."

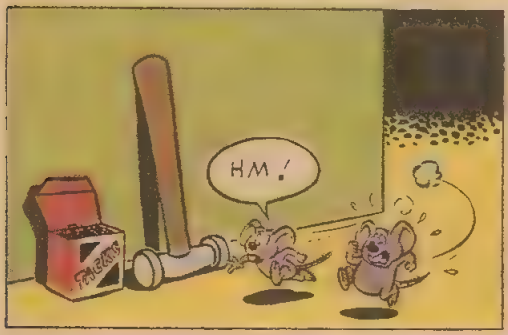
"Did it scratch or did it tickle?"

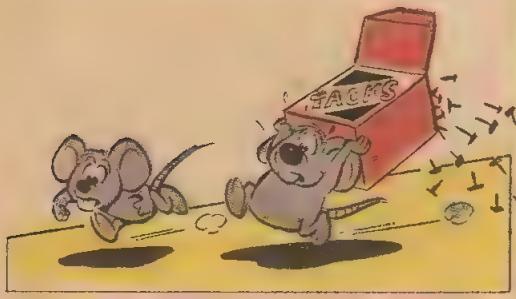
"Both," answered Skippy Sparrow, "But also I got one wing caught and it's still bruised and I've decided not to fly through willows anymore."

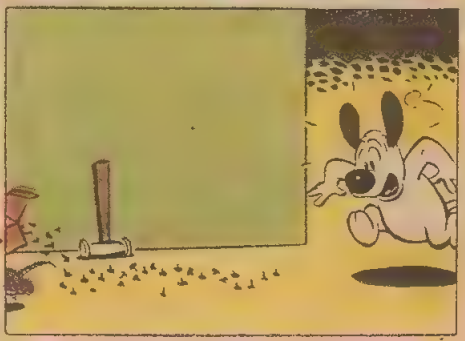
"You stay away from willows," laughed Peter, "and I'll stay away from moons." And the friends flew away to play Tag among the birches.

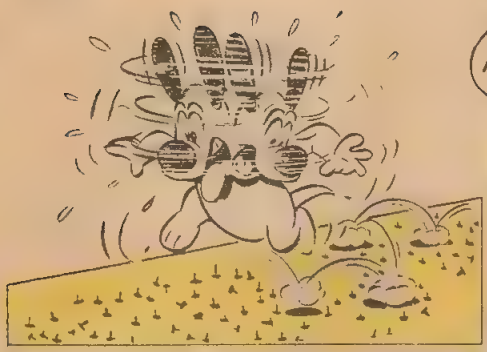
TWIDDLE and TWADDLE

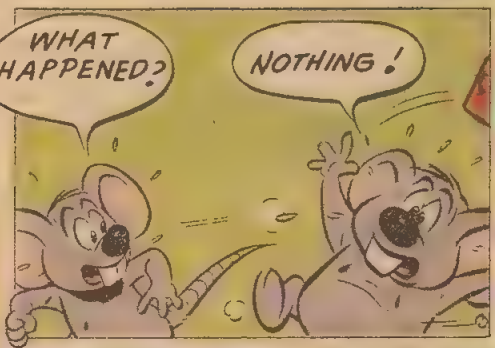


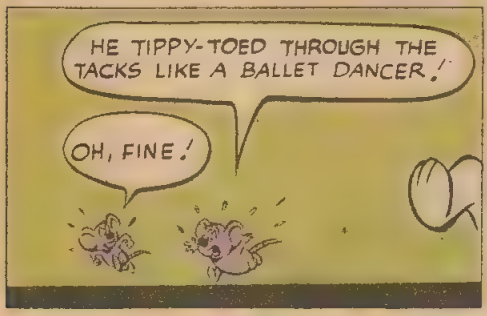


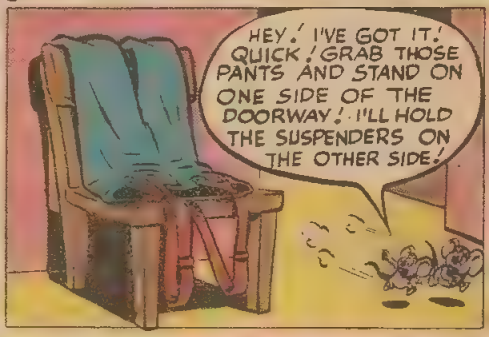


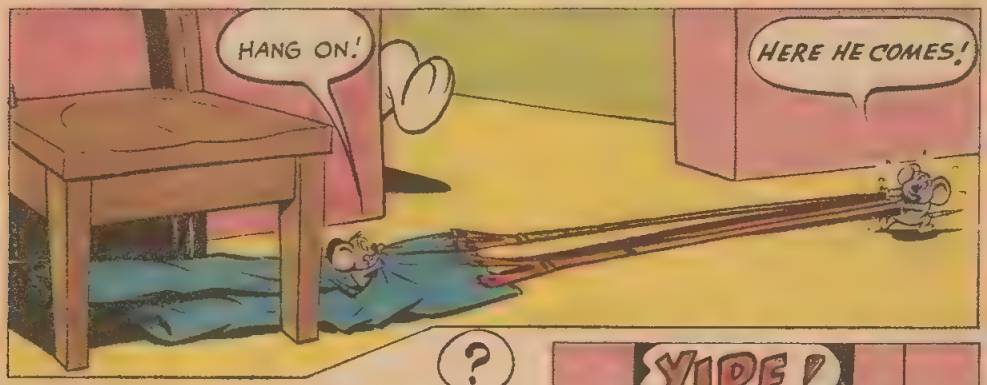


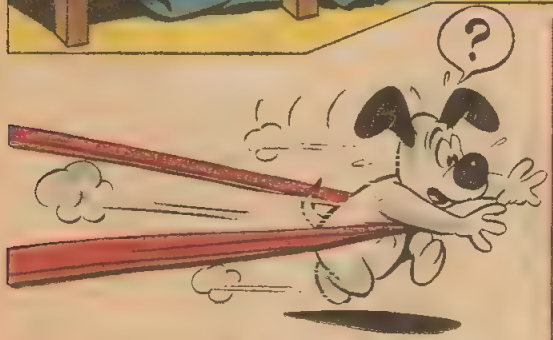


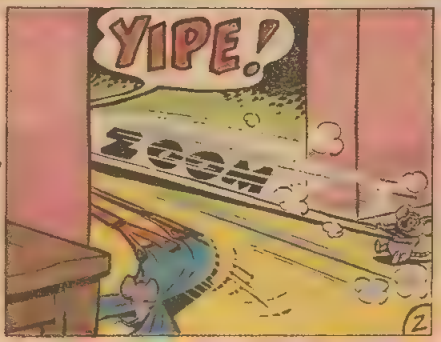

WHAT HAPPENED?
NOTHING!

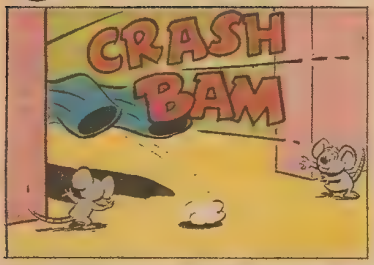

HE TIPPY-TOED THROUGH THE TACKS LIKE A BALLET DANCER!
OH, FINE!


HEY! I'VE GOT IT! QUICK! GRAB THOSE PANTS AND STAND ON ONE SIDE OF THE DOORWAY! I'LL HOLD THE SUSPENDERS ON THE OTHER SIDE!

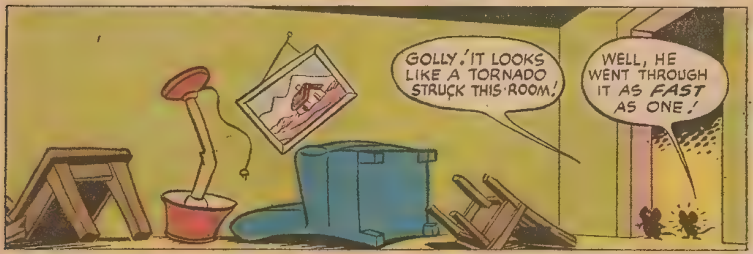

HANG ON!
HERE HE COMES!

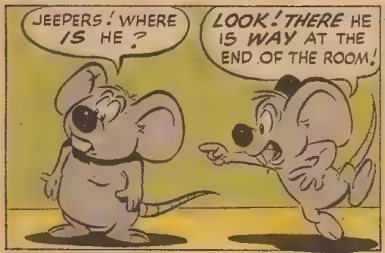

?

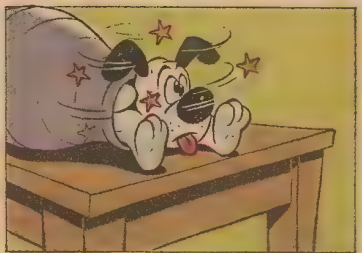

YIPE!
ZOOM

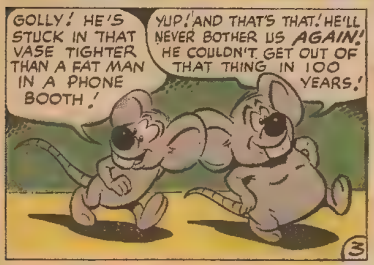

CRASH
BAM

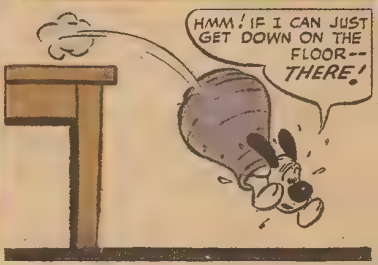
NO MORE NOISE, GUESS HE MUSTA STOPPED!
YEAH! LET'S HAVE A LOOK!

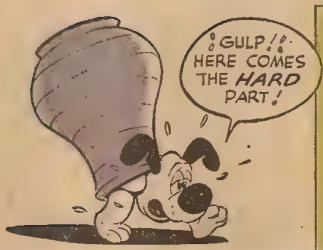

GOLLY! IT LOOKS LIKE A TORNADO STRUCK THIS ROOM!
WELL, HE WENT THROUGH IT AS FAST AS ONE!

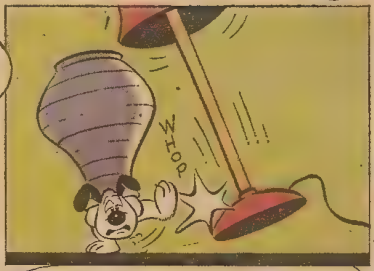

JEEPERS! WHERE IS HE?
LOOK! THERE HE IS WAY AT THE END OF THE ROOM!

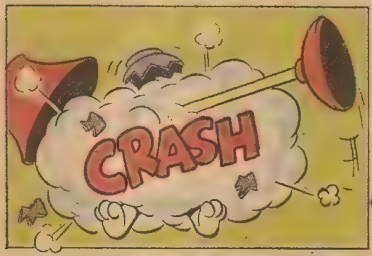


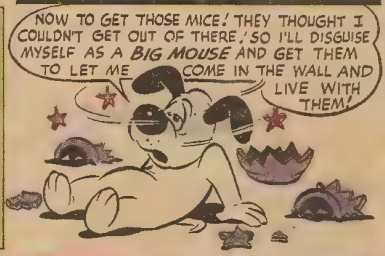

GOLLY! HE'S STUCK IN THAT VASE TIGHTER THAN A FAT MAN IN A PHONE BOOTH!
YUP! AND THAT'S THAT! HE'LL NEVER BOTHER US AGAIN! HE COULDN'T GET OUT OF THAT THING IN 100 YEARS!
3

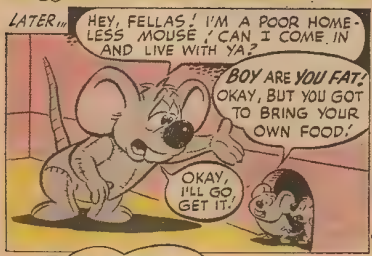

HMM! IF I CAN JUST GET DOWN ON THE FLOOR-- THERE!

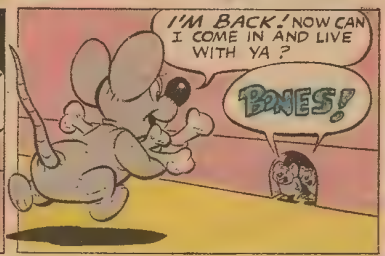

¡GULP!¡ HERE COMES THE HARD PART!

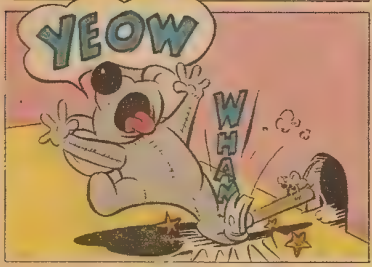

WHOOP

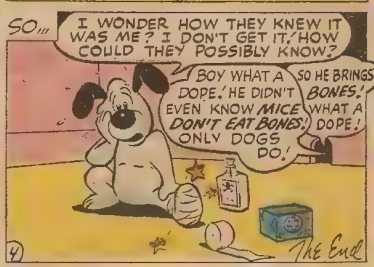

CRASH

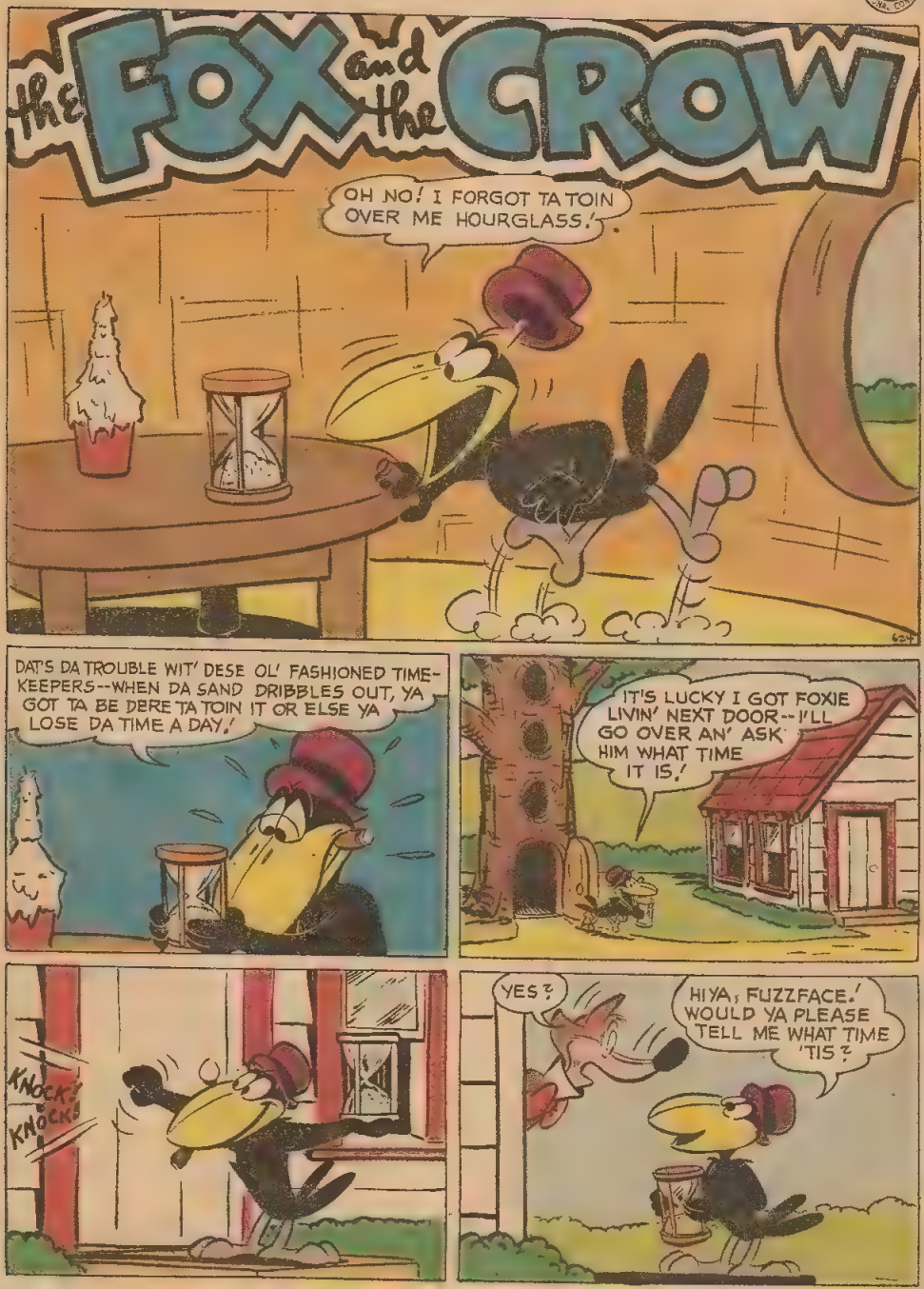

NOW TO GET THOSE MICE! THEY THOUGHT I COULDN'T GET OUT OF THERE, SO I'LL DISGUISE MYSELF AS A BIG MOUSE AND GET THEM TO LET ME COME IN THE WALL AND LIVE WITH THEM!


LATER...
HEY, FELLAS! I'M A POOR HOMELESS MOUSE! CAN I COME IN AND LIVE WITH YA?
BOY ARE YOU FAT! OKAY, BUT YOU GOT TO BRING YOUR OWN FOOD!
OKAY, I'LL GO GET IT.

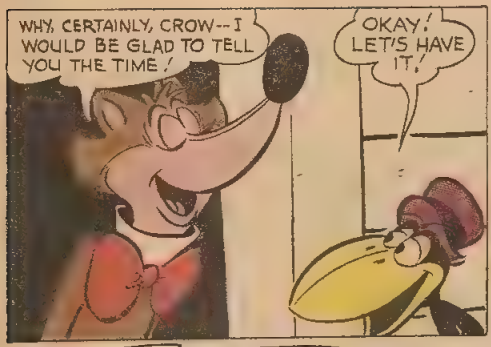

I'M BACK! NOW CAN I COME IN AND LIVE WITH YA?
BONES!

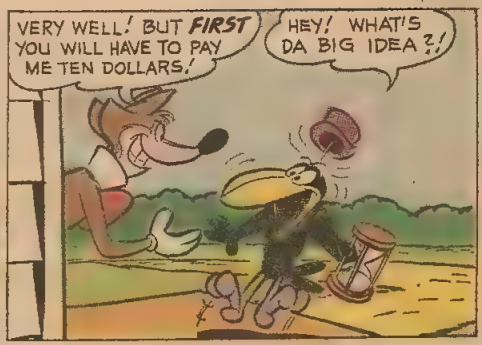

YEOW
WHAM

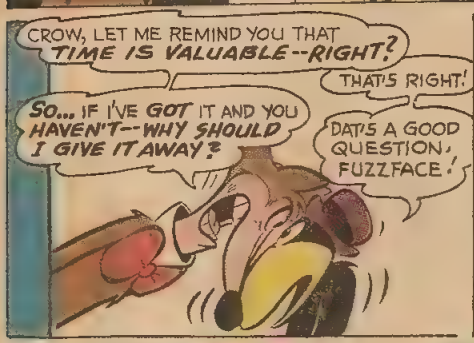

SO...
I WONDER HOW THEY KNEW IT WAS ME? I DON'T GET IT, HOW COULD THEY POSSIBLY KNOW?
BOY WHAT A DOPE. HE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW MICE DON'T EAT BONES! ONLY DOGS DO!
SO HE BRINGS BONES! WHAT A DOPE!
The End

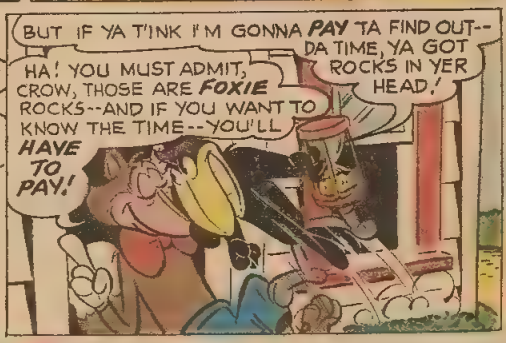

the FOX and the CROW
OH NO! I FORGOT TA TOIN OVER ME HOURGLASS.!
DAT'S DA TROUBLE WIT' DESE OL' FASHIONED TIME-KEEPERS--WHEN DA SAND DRIBBLES OUT, YA GOT TA BE DERE TA TOIN IT OR ELSE YA LOSE DA TIME A DAY.!
IT'S LUCKY I GOT FOXIE LIVIN' NEXT DOOR--I'LL GO OVER AN' ASK HIM WHAT TIME IT IS.!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
YES?
HIYA, FUZZFACE.! WOULD YA PLEASE TELL ME WHAT TIME 'TIS?

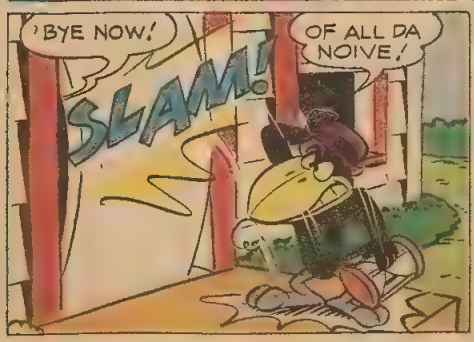
FOX & CROW

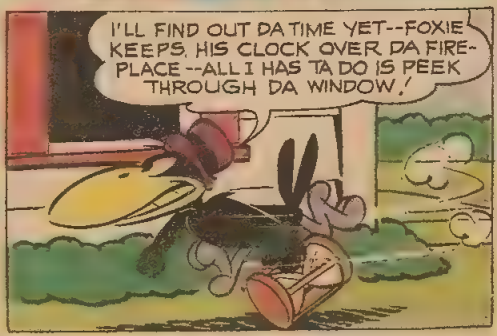

WHY, CERTAINLY, CROW--I WOULD BE GLAD TO TELL YOU THE TIME!
OKAY! LET'S HAVE IT!

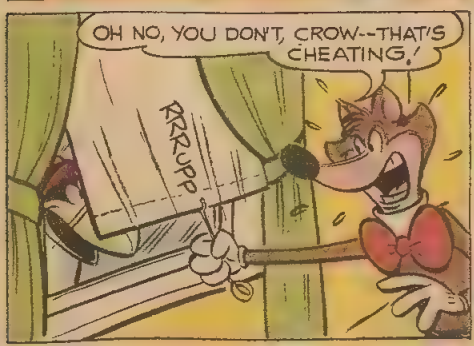

VERY WELL! BUT FIRST YOU WILL HAVE TO PAY ME TEN DOLLARS!
HEY! WHAT'S DA BIG IDEA?!

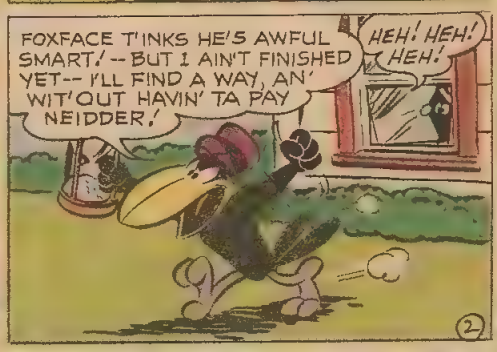

CROW, LET ME REMIND YOU THAT TIME IS VALUABLE--RIGHT?
THAT'S RIGHT!
SO... IF I'VE GOT IT AND YOU HAVEN'T--WHY SHOULD I GIVE IT AWAY?
DAT'S A GOOD QUESTION, FUZZFACE!

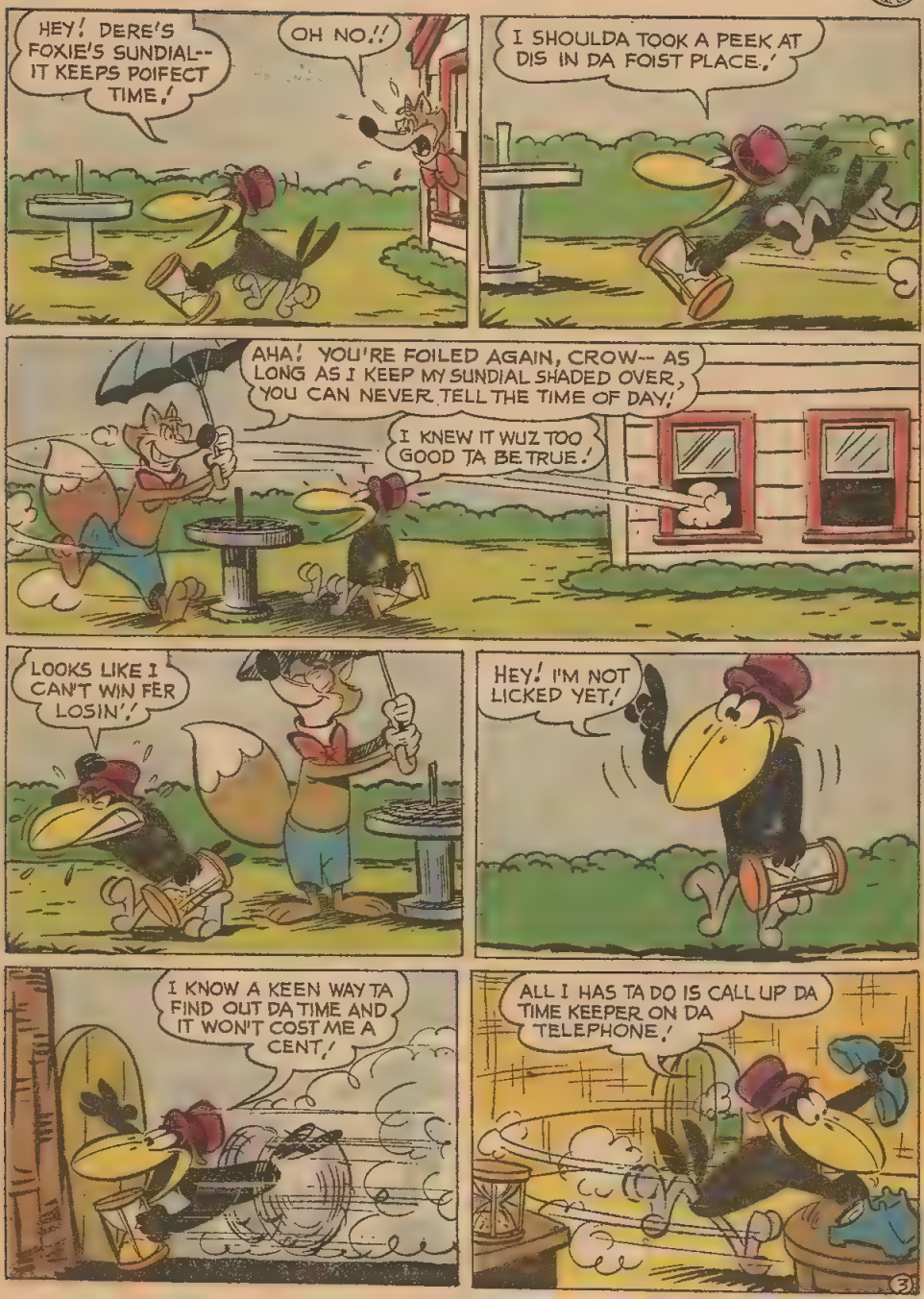

BUT IF YA T'INK I'M GONNA PAY TA FIND OUT--DA TIME, YA GOT ROCKS IN YER HEAD!
HA! YOU MUST ADMIT, CROW, THOSE ARE FOXIE ROCKS--AND IF YOU WANT TO KNOW THE TIME--YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY!


'BYE NOW!
OF ALL DA NOIVE!
SLAM!

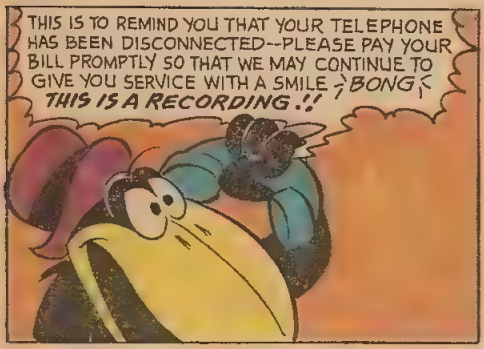

I'LL FIND OUT DA TIME YET--FOXIE KEEPS HIS CLOCK OVER DA FIRE-PLACE--ALL I HAS TA DO IS PEEK THROUGH DA WINDOW!


OH NO, YOU DON'T, CROW--THAT'S CHEATING!
RRRUPP

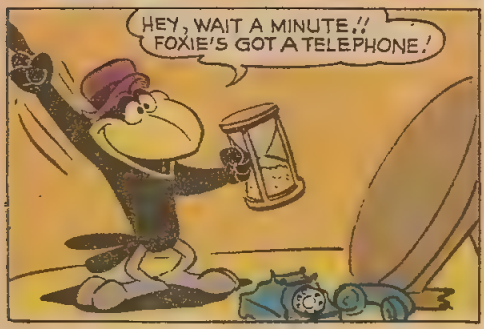

FOXFACE T'INKS HE'S AWFUL SMART!--BUT I AIN'T FINISHED YET--I'LL FIND A WAY, AN' WIT'OUT HAVIN' TA PAY NEIDDER!
HEH! HEH! HEH!

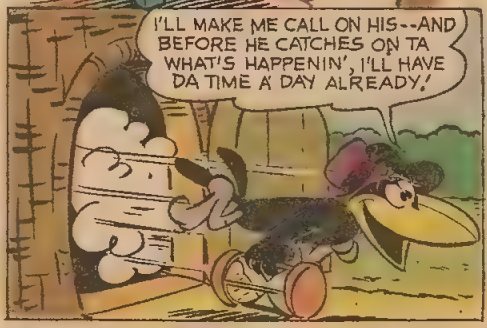

HEY! DERE'S FOXIE'S SUNDIAL-- IT KEEPS POIFECT TIME.!
OH NO.!!
I SHOULDA TOOK A PEEK AT DIS IN DA FOIST PLACE.!
AHA! YOU'RE FOILED AGAIN, CROW-- AS LONG AS I KEEP MY SUNDIAL SHADED OVER, YOU CAN NEVER TELL THE TIME OF DAY!
I KNEW IT WUZ TOO GOOD TA BE TRUE.!
LOOKS LIKE I CAN'T WIN FER LOSIN'.!
HEY! I'M NOT LICKED YET.!
I KNOW A KEEN WAY TA FIND OUT DA TIME AND IT WON'T COST ME A CENT.!
ALL I HAS TA DO IS CALL UP DA TIME KEEPER ON DA TELEPHONE.!

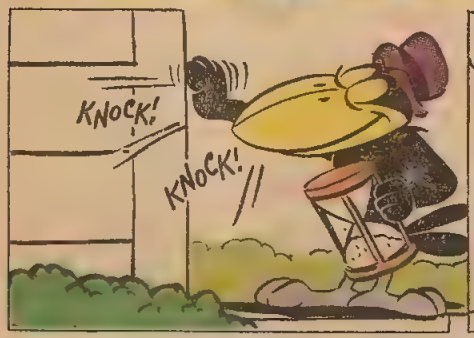
FOX & CROW

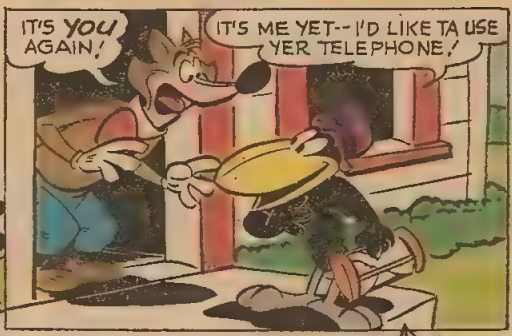

THIS IS TO REMIND YOU THAT YOUR TELEPHONE HAS BEEN DISCONNECTED--PLEASE PAY YOUR BILL PROMPTLY SO THAT WE MAY CONTINUE TO GIVE YOU SERVICE WITH A SMILE. BONG. THIS IS A RECORDING.!!

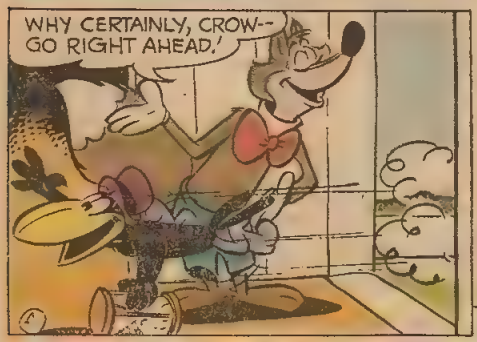
A' ALL DA DOITY LUCK--I SHOULDA KNOWN DAT IDEA WUZ TOO EASY TO BE ANY GOOD!!

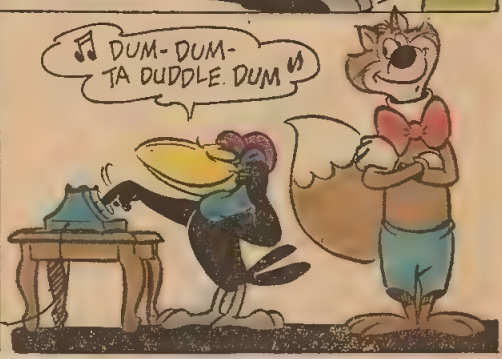

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE.!! FOXIE'S GOT A TELEPHONE.!

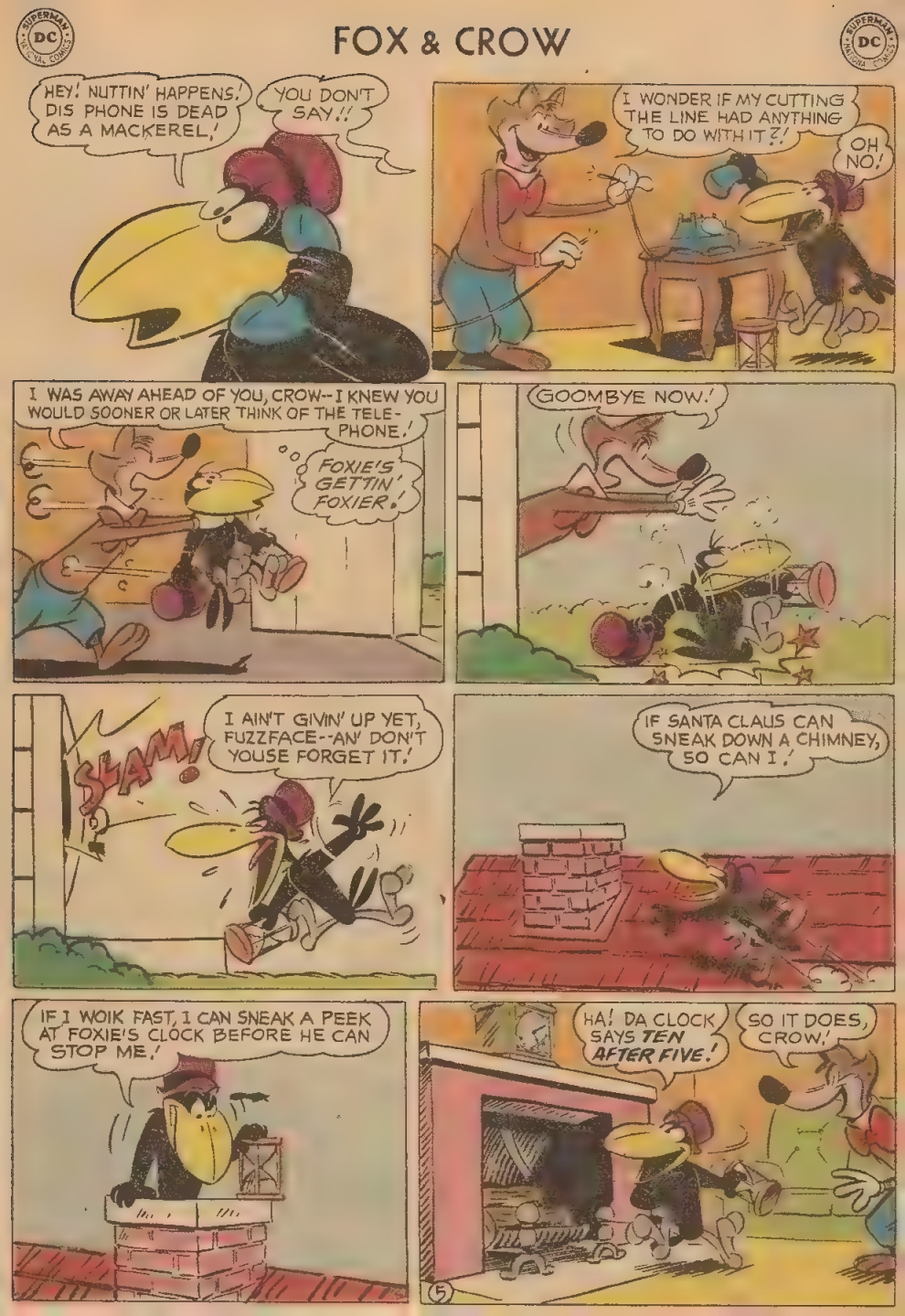

I'LL MAKE ME CALL ON HIS--AND BEFORE HE CATCHES ON TA WHAT'S HAPPENIN', I'LL HAVE DA TIME A' DAY ALREADY.!


KNOCK!
KNOCK!


IT'S YOU AGAIN.!
IT'S ME YET--I'D LIKE TA USE YER TELEPHONE.!


WHY CERTAINLY, CROW--GO RIGHT AHEAD.!


DUM-DUM-TA DUDDLE-DUM


HEY! NUTTIN' HAPPENS! DIS PHONE IS DEAD AS A MACKEREL,
YOU DON'T SAY!!
I WONDER IF MY CUTTING THE LINE HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT?!
OH NO!
I WAS AWAY AHEAD OF YOU, CROW--I KNEW YOU WOULD SOONER OR LATER THINK OF THE TELE-PHONE.
FOXIE'S GETTIN' FOXIER.
GOOMBYE NOW.
SLAM!
I AIN'T GIVIN' UP YET, FUZZFACE--AN' DON'T YOUSE FORGET IT.
IF SANTA CLAUS CAN SNEAK DOWN A CHIMNEY, SO CAN I.
IF I WOIK FAST, I CAN SNEAK A PEEK AT FOXIE'S CLOCK BEFORE HE CAN STOP ME.
HA! DA CLOCK SAYS TEN AFTER FIVE.
SO IT DOES, CROW.
5

FOX & CROW

BUT FOR YOUR INFORMATION, THAT CLOCK IS WRONG--I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT TRY A SNEAKY PEEK LIKE THIS, SO I CLOSED MY EYES AND TWIRLED THE HANDS--SO IT'S MY TURN TO SAY HA!
NOW IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO BUY THE TIME--MY OFFER STILL STANDS--I STILL HAVE MY WRIST WATCH YOU KNOW!
OKAY, FUZZFACE--YOUSE WIN!
NATURALLY!
HEAVENS TO BETSY--MY WATCH IS STOPPED!
OH BOY! I WUZ SAVED BY DA BELL, BUT DAT DON'T HELP ME NONE--I STILL DON'T KNOW DA TIME!
THAT MAKES TWO OF US, CROW--WHAT, OH WHAT SHALL WE DO?
DA SUN'S DOWN ALREADY, SO DA SUNDIAL WON'T TELL US NUTTIN' --BUT IT SAYS HERE IN DA PAPER DA SUN COMES UP AT 6:15 IN DA MORNIN'!
THIS IS AWFUL--WE WON'T EVEN KNOW WHEN IT'S BED TIME!
AND SO...
WELL, IT'S BEEN A LONG WAIT, CROW--BUT THERE COMES THE SUN--AND AT LAST WE KNOW THE TIME OF DAY AGAIN.'
LET DIS BE A LESSON TA YA, FOXIE--DERE'S A TIME TA WOIK AN' DERE'S A TIME TA PLAY--BUT IF A NEIGHBOR ASKS IT--GIVE DA TIME AWAY!!
6
Ed

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, JULY 2, 1946 AND JUNE 11, 1960 (74 STAT. 208) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF THE FOX AND THE CROW, published bi-monthly at Sparta, Illinois for October 1, 1961.

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5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: 165,000.

J. S. Liebowitz, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1961.

Daniel Epstein, Notary Public

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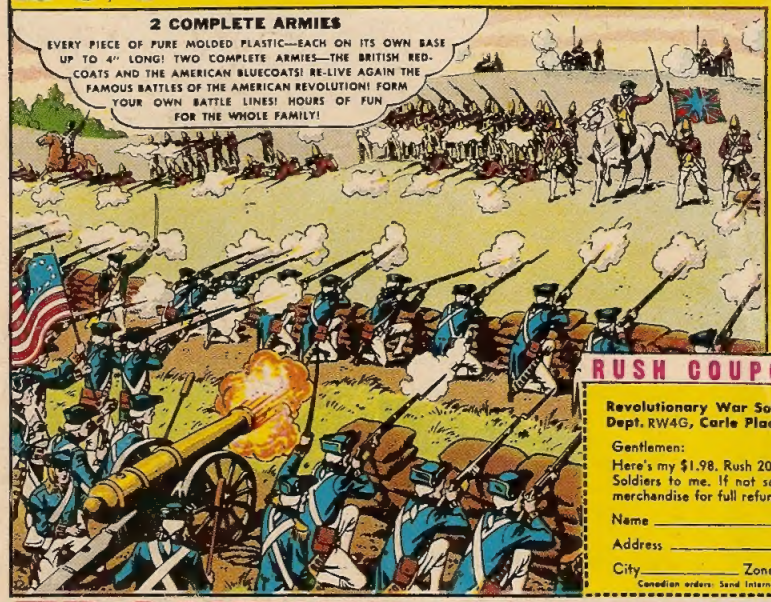
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